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EDITORIAL

ritain meets the USA this month as our own Sophia Knight bangs bits with Dani Daniels from the States. And, in fact, all this issue's girls are either from Britain (Chloe, Sophia, Sasha) or from the USA (the rest of them). We just thought we'd give Europe a rest for a month and focus on the 'special relationship', and they don't get much more special than our centrefold girls. We're also proud to deliver the first nude shots of *Dr. Who*'s Karen Gillan AKA Amy Pond. That's one for the permanent wank bank...

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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, KT12 3PU or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50



BLONDE CLAM-BITION!

Dear Club,

I've always been a sucker for blondes since I had a teenage crush on Marilyn Monroe, and Club volume 43, number 4 didn't disappoint when it came to fair-haired girls. Dani, Brett, Anneli (a decent choice for Girl of the Year, I think), Lola and Zara all did it for me, although I don't want the brunettes to think I didn't do them justice as well. But, just as a one-off, any

chance of an all-blonde issue of Club? Dougle, Selby

We're not sure how many of those girls are natural blondes, Dougie, but their fair locks certainly suit them. We might do an all-blonde issue of Club, but then we'd get letters of complaint from the legions of redhead fans and brunette admirers!

Dear Club,

I'm sure this isn't normal, but I can only really come to orgasm when I fuck outside in the open air. Whenever I see shoots in your magazine with models outside, I fantasise it is me and that the cameraman puts down his camera after he's finished and fucks me hard on the grass or, even better, the pavement! I don't know where this has come from, but it makes for some very interesting Friday nights and some very surprised and grateful blokes!

Just the other week, I left a bar late with some bloke who had been buying me drinks all night. I'm sure that he was hoping for a bit of a snog and a grope, and then maybe my number afterwards. However, I take my chances where I can get them. As we walked to the night bus stop, we took a little detour down an alley, and I pulled him back into a cold stone alcove, only just out of sight from the street. Undoing my own blouse, I revealed my tits to him and let him watch as I rubbed and tweaked my brown nipples until they were rigid. He leaned in to get at them, but the palm of my left hand held him back, whilst my other hand went up my own skirt and into my pants. Closing my eyes and running my tongue around my lips as I pleasured myself, I could hear him catching his breath, as he mumbled drunkenly, "You're fucking gorgeous".

I then took his hand and replaced mine with it at my pussy and he instantly forced two fingers deep into my snatch and eagerly clamped his mouth around my chest. I freed his hard-on, and was happy to feel a good girth, as I tossed it off quickly. Tightening my grip, I then rolled the tip of his dick between my thumb and forefinger. I could feel his excitement as he chewed at my nipples and thumbed my clit, still with two fingers inside me.

"If you really want to, you can fuck me," I innocently offered, knowing that this would turn him on even more. He was putty in my hands, as I made it seem like I was doing it just for him. Pulling my panties clear of my ankles and hoisting myself onto his fat dick, he cradled my arse, allowing me to lift my feet off the floor and wrap my thighs around him. He went at it like a man possessed, driving my bum back against the cold walf, which is just what I like. My blouse was on the floor, my tits were bouncing freely in the dark and his fingers were reaching around into my little bumhole.



MAYE POLE!

Dear Club,

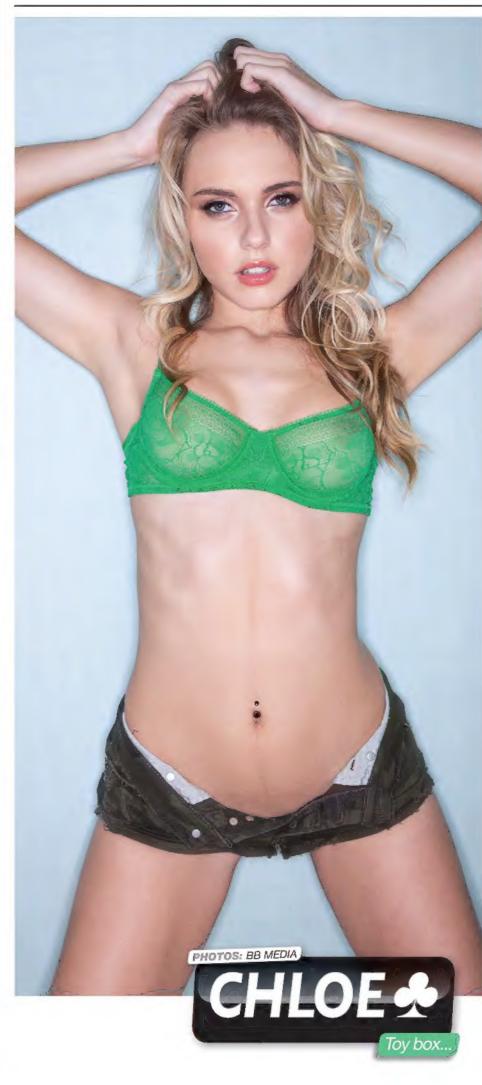
There are certain kind of photos I like in *Club* (and the other mags I read), and certain photographers who know how to pull them off. But I think that photo of Dani at the bottom of page 48 [in *Club* 43.4] might be in my top ten of all time. Long legs, socks, bum in the air, a playful smile, eye contact – it ticks nearly every box I've got. More of that, please! *Jay, Burnley*

When you work with Dani, this is the kind of sexy magic you get all the time, and that photographer certainly got the best out of her. It ticks most of our boxes as well, apart from the box called 'Dani then lowers herself slowly onto our erect cock', but we live in hope!

Pulling myself against him, to gain the right position, I then relied upon his strength as I bounced up and down against his dick until I felt a warmth come over me. He was grinning as I widened my thighs, my arse rubbing against the stone wall, producing an amazing orgasm. Feeling totally satisfied, I steered his dick from inside me, knelt on the ground and tossed him off over my tits, sucking him clean whilst I rubbed his cream into my breasts.

I didn't bother to clean myself, before putting my blouse back on and I left my pants on the alley floor. When he put me on the bus, he must have thought it was all too good to be true, and I'm sure he ran home to tell all his mates. Little did he know that I probably enjoyed it more than him!

Carla, Kilburn 🏚



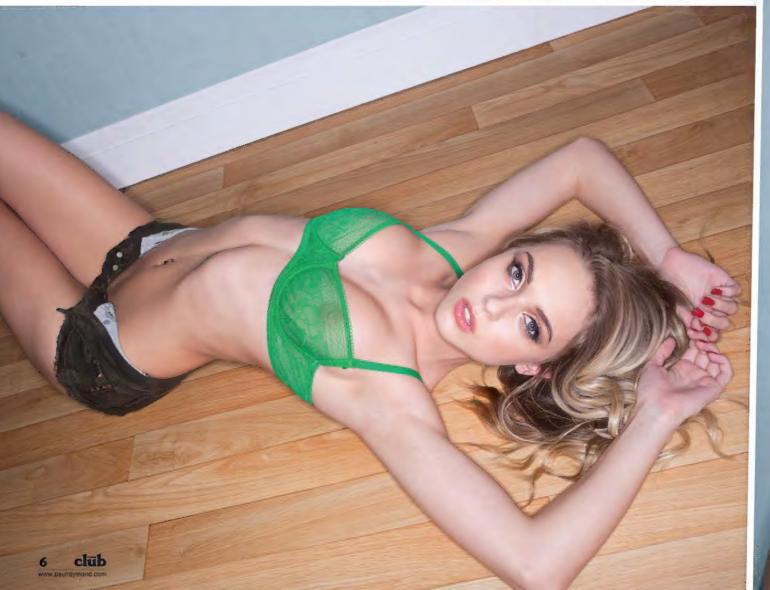


ormer Club Reader's Girlfriend Chloe is now a fulltime certified model, and we're glad to have played our (admittedly small) part in her rise. But she's got a way to go yet, according to her.

"I don't want to be one of those models who people see, have a tug over and forget about. I want to be around for a while, to explore more and more of my sexuality, maybe make a few movies, do lots of different things. I want to be a fantasy girl for a lot of people!"

We don't want to overshare, but we've already got our fair share of fantasies about you.

"Ooh, I'm feeling horny now. Tell me more..." 🏚





















What Matt Loxham doesn't know about sport would probably make for an informative and highly engaging feature. As for what he does know? Well, you get this sort of thing.



World Snooker

19 April to P May

onnie O'Sullivan says that snooker is in trouble - even more so than when he kept soiling the sport's reputation by doing things like urinating into plant pots before matches. You see, the man∗ they sometimes call 'The Essex Exocet' thinks his rivals must all be a bit crap, and he might just have a point. Despite prioritising mammoth jogs around Epping: Forest over practice on the green baize and only cherry-picking his tournaments, O'Sullivan has still managed to drub his fellow cuesman at several of the big competitions over the past's twelve months.

While Ronnie has an issue over being able to just rock up matcherusty and still be too good for the world's best, other players have an issue with him pitching up fresh when they've been slogging

away in every tournament. the circuit has to offer, from Bournemouth to Berlin to Beijing and all the way to Bendigo which rather neatly all begin with a B. Of course, many shooken fans and sycophantic pundits such as John Virgo think that with his "awesome natural talent" O'Sullivan could turn up with a tree branch from his beloved Epping Forest and still wipe the floor with the likes of Mark Selby and Ding Junhui, although held probably have to chalk the end first.

Bollocking on aside, the fact remains that last year The Rocket won the World Championship—his fifth—after taking a sabbatical and reportedly practicing with a takeaway delivery driver to prepare. This season he's won the Masters and the Welsh Open thrashing Selby and Ding respectively, even hitting a 147—in the final of the latter, implying that if he arrives at Sheffield's





Crucible in the mood for a sixth World Championship his rivals are going to struggle to stop him.

Indeed, you might suggestil that the likes of Selby, Ding, and current World Number One Neil Robertson only really have a chance if The Essex Exoceti a) jogs off too far and gets lost, or b) succumbs to one of his» infamous meltdowns. Admittedly, the latter is more likely, although instances of 'Ronnie Rage' are fairly few and far between now he's discovered the calming effects of long-distance running. He did, however, lose in the qualifying round of the German Masters this year to little-known Thai potter Thepchaiya Un-Nooh (Oh yes!) after the referee had riled O'Sullivan by asking himto tuck his shirt in, proving he's not beyond the odd tantrum attournaments he can't be arsedbeing in. Although that's unlikely to be the attitude at The Crucible. Ding and co might want to trytelling The Rocket his trousers are creased or his bow-tie is: crooked in-between frames. If could be their only chance...

Premier League Title Race

Various Venues

year is a long time in football – especially if you're Manchester United (Sorry Ed). Only twelve months ago, under Sir Alex Ferguson in his swansong/cakewalk season the Red Devils were busy romping to their 13th Premier League title – it was all so easy, all so familiar, and a glorious lap of honour for ruddy-faced Ferguson and his talented team.

Today, with new boss David The Chosen One' Moyes at the helm, they sit telescope distance from the top spot and look unlikely to qualify for European competition – not even the shifty Europa Cup for fuck's sake.

Even worse for beleaquered United fans is the fact that their demise has coincided witha resurgence for famous old enemies Liverpool, with the red half of scouseland enjoying their best season for five years and looking nailed on to finish above Manchester United for the first time since 2002. The final turd of the Old Trafford doorstep is skyn blue and shaped like neighbours: Manchester City, who have: temporarily wrested bragging rights from their illustrious rivals when not too long ago they weren't even in the same league







physically or metaphorically.

With Arsenal drifting insipidly in and amound fourth place as usual, whether City can really rub United's noses in it and go on to win the Premier League looks likely to, and I apologise for going all technical and that, depend on their capacity to win games while rivals Chelsea lose theirs. The return of Jose 'The Special One' Mourinho, which, as David Moyes will tell you. is a far more catchy nickname than 'The Chosen One', has seen The Blues catapulted into . the title frame. Key performers for Chelsea include Branislay Ivanovic, a rock at the backand set-piece dangerman who picked up the vital winner against City recently, Oscar, a constant creative threat from midfield, and Eden Hazard, a man who has enjoyed a meteoric rise from "a: Belgian bloke" to "world class: player spoken of in the same





breath as Messi and Ronaldo".

Blue is seemingly the colour this season, north or south still undecided. And after a raft of terrible predictions recently I'm sitting firmly on the crossbar this time.

Moto GP Season

Asperlies and Special Second Polic SIT April 8.47 May

nyone who has ever seen the documentary Silver Dream Racer, which follows singer David Essex in his bid to make it as a motorcycle superstar, will know how dangerous the sport can be. The performer famous for hits such as Rock On effectively ends up in a ball of flames at the end of the courageous career change, his famous perm badly charred, and white incidents of that severity are a rare occurrence in Moto GP,

riders still suffer their fair share of breaks and bruises, which they take heroically in their stride.

Take last year's champion Marc Marquez, for example. He might have become, at 20 the youngest ever winner of the Moto GP title in history and the first rider to do it in a rookie season since 1978, but during track testing back in February he came off his bike and broken is leg. "Thankfully it seems like a clean break," he said, before hopping awkwardly to casualty

champion Valentino Rossi. Call 'The Coventry Comet' Crutchlow heads up a four-pronged British challenge after landing a high-profile move from the Tech 3. Yamaha team to Ducati, a ride that should see him consistently in contention for the podium places. Taking Crutchlow's seat at Tech 3 is the promising young Oxfordshire born racer Bradley Smith, and if he looks over his shoulder he'll most likely see Brits Scott Redding and Michael Laverty battling it out at the back

Muso GP riders sale some mer rac make of breaks and bruises, which may take heroically in their stride?

rand pledging to be back in a few weeks to retain his title.

Watching the incident with interest no doubt were main vivals and fellow countrymens Jorge Lorenzo and Dani Pedrosa, second and third to Marquez last year respectively. Although Moto GP riders are famously quick to recover from injury and generally come back good as new save at few bolts and clamps, Marquez will have missed testing and might well be off the pace as a result during the early exchanges.

Significantly, Lorenzo and Pedrosa were the fastest in preparations for the season opener in Qatar last month, along with nine-time world.

Another thrilling season beckons, with home interest and a fascinating tussle at the top of the grid in store. Better still, it's all live on the BBC











ourtney makes her debut in this issue, and judging by the stir we've already had in the office over these photos, it won't be a one-off.

"Can you send me a copy of the magazine please," Courtney asks oh-so politely. "I don't think we can get this in California. And if you do, there's always a place in Cali for you to stay when you come out here."

As long as you don't mind us drilling a hole in your bedroom wall, we'll be right there...













OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Stuff to stream, buy or nick...

RATINGS:

★ LEE MACK ★★ DAVE LEE TRAVIS ★★★ RUSTY LEE ★★★★ ARTHUR LEE ★★★★★ STEWART LEE







Classe Tous Risques (BFI, DVD & Blu-ray £12.21)

Claude Soutet is best known for his later movies such as *Un Coeur En Hiver*, but this early gangster film may be his finest. Abell Davos (Lino Ventura) plans one last job before retiring from crime to look after his family, but things take an unexpected turn, as the film



brilliantly acted, this is gripping stuff.

Classic that deserves comparison with Fellin Uep Gambardelia is a 65-year-old journo who moves among the trendy and the moneyed. his ambition squandered. But the death of a friend's wite opens his aves.

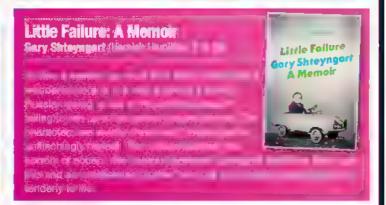


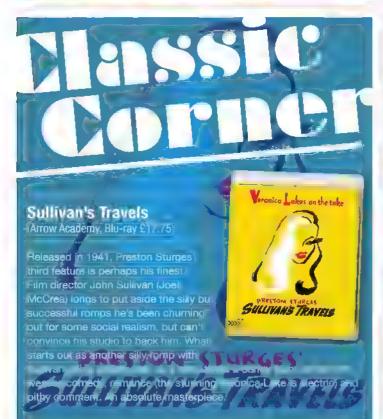


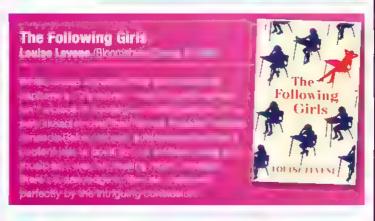


Any attempt to explain the plot of John Carpenter's flop-turned-cult-classic is doomed to failure. A lorry driver gets grawn into a mystical world of chop-socky? That'll do, Full of ludicrous set pieces, the same kind of knowing idiocy as *They Live* and a committed performance from Kurt Russell, this is still a Friday night gent.















Nikon Df

europe-nikon.com

It doesn't matter what smart phone companies do, the cameras in their phones will not - in the foreseeable future - be a patch on a real, proper camera. And it doesn't matter how you spin it, holding a proper camera still looks better as well. The Nikon Df isn't purely a matter of aesthetics - at this price, that would be ludicrous - but it sure is a beautiful, retrolooking camera. Add manual SLR and a full frame FX sensor - with the ability to skip some of this if you're a doofus - and you're onto a winner. The downside? It doesn't take video. But that's because it's a 'camera'!

Pros: Great photos, feels and looks good to use.

Cons: No video, very expensive.



Sony Smartband

sony.co.uk

It has taken until 2014 for miniaturisation to really start kicking in - with recent stratospheric improvements in smart-watches and the like. The Sony Smartband will be popular for fitness applications (counting your steps) but it does a lot more than that But that 'lot more' may be too much for some. In sync with an app called 'Life Log' it talks to phones, your Facebook account, GPS and more, allowing to you tap the band and record a 'life event', of who are you with and where. Why you'd want to do this, and the privacy issues, are for you to sort out for yourself...

Pros: Vibrates to tell you there's a call or text on your phone

Cons: Privacy, a touch pointless?



theQ Camera

theqcamera.com

if a camera doesn't have a proper pro lens or features as basic like 'zoom', when is it worth not getting a camera at all and just using your phone? That's the question theQ

It looks the biz, in a 'youth' way and comes in lots of garish primary colours. it has ring-flash, does wide-angle shots and has 3G for uploading your-kerr-azy lifestyle straight to the social networks of your choice. But you can't zoom, it doesn't do HD video and the pictures it takes aren't

camera-phones.

Pros: Waterproof to 1m, fun and

iunky looks. Cons: Lack of features and quality.

























e're a little bit obsessed with Mia Malkova's bum. And it turns out we're not alone.

"Every film director I work with wants me to do anal, but I won't," she reveals. "I already put a lot in to my sex scenes, lots of acrobatic stuff, but I'm not doing that. I do it in my personal life, of course, but that's a different thing. And at home we've got time — I can tell a guy to eat my pussy and ass for an hour, then he'll get to fuck them both. We don't have that much time on set!"









SCRUFF JUSTICE!

The movies they don't show on planes...

RATINGS. * mals world ** mals on top *** cirls aloud **** cirls boom **** cirls















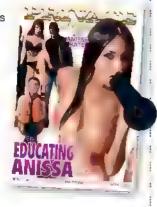
We suppose it makes sense.
Make a Harmony film with a bunch of blokes in it.
Once they've spunked their loads over the girls, send them home and make another film with the girls, who are still hot to trot. It's all girls all

the time in this winner, with Brit babes like Georgie Lyall, Sam Bentley, Lexi Lowe and Ava Dalush sharing their secretions with a bunch of ridiculously fit and dirty Euro girls. Who needs blokes?



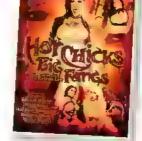
Educating Anissa (Private)

French fuckstress Anissa Kate continues her fledgling directorial career with this effort but, happily, she hasn't given up performing. She plays a journalist with one of the least convincing assignments ever handed out, one involving cuckoids, swingers and some hands-on work herself. There's lesbian action, some interracial stuff and, best of all, Anissa herself reserving the biggest dick for her very own backdoor. It's a director's prerogative.



Het Chiefe din Fan

British stud Keiran Lee – whose day job generally consists of fucking porn A-listers in every available orifice – moves behind the camera with this more than decent film for Digital Playground. Some of porn's best fucks are in the cast, headlined by the too heavily tatted but electric in the sack Bonnie Rotten Add Romi Rain, Nikki Benz, Destiny Dixon and Monique Alexander and you've got a film for which we give fangs...







































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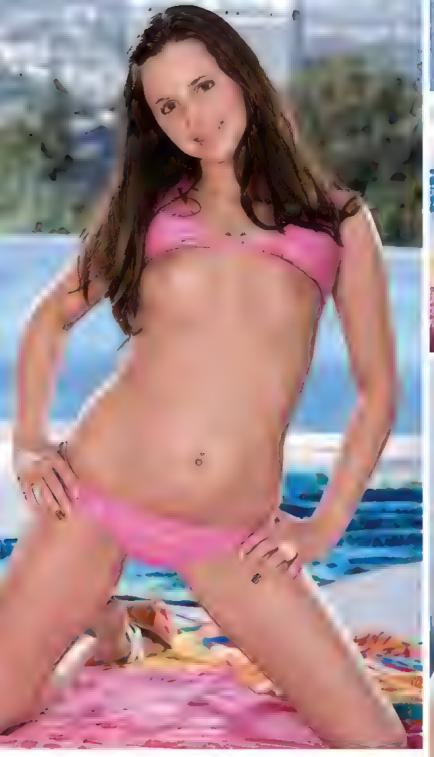














ristan may be a mere 19 but – and let's be frank about it – she knows her way around a dick. Her words, not ours.
"I've been told I give a good handjob," she shares, "and I've put a lot of practice in! I've got a swirly thing I do with both hands, and I pull down gently on the balls when a guy cums – that drives him mad. I'm working on my blowjobs though. I can't deepthroat yet, as I've got a bit of a sensitive trigger. But I'm getting better, I can do four inches now, last month it was three. I just need a patient guy to work with to get deeper."

Form an orderly queue... •









SEX CONTACTS Genuine Contacts for Sexually Liberated Adults





MAIDSTONE: Cheeky Charle 40 Single Flirty Mature MILF, 42DD's Size 20/22 a real GFE Girl with Inaughty twist. Loves OWO and anything DIRTY! The Dirtiest Bitch in TOWN! Call Me:



LEICESTER: Friendly Lady in my mid 30s, love dressing up and using toys. Will try anything once, very open minded. Busty, Curvy, Ready & waltingt independent escort



LONDON: Maria, Experienced Independent escort. Mature blande lady 39 Very open minded in every Loves dressing in sexy underwear and killer heels or boots Offers A, OWO, WS



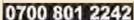
MANCHESTER: City centre. My name is Eliza, I am passionate. sensual and very naughty in bed! Slim size 8 DD bust. Clean, discreet and very open minded 100%



GLASGOW: Scottish BBW 30GG tits big blue eyes, piercings and lattoos. Independent escort. Call me now for bookings Will not do bareback or CIM so don't ask! But I will empty your balls completely

0700 802 0718





0700 802 5363

0700 802 3409



BRISTOL: Grandma Libby, Mature independent escort aged 76, grey hair Size 18+ natural 4200. , pussy is always shaven and I always wear stockings, high heels. Foot fetish weicome



WOLVERHAMPTON: Emma, Attractive stunning sexy English babe huge 36FF boobs size 10/12. Utumate GFE, 30min sessions available. Come play with my real 36FF puppies



BIRMINGHAM, Helly, Always hot. & horny and love c*ck Bi BBW size 18-20 48F I am 38 years old and a total slut i offer full GFE turn me into your where! Domination sessions also available



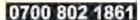
MANCHESTER: Zara 35 years old ndependent escort 368 tits size 10 5' 9" offers sexy fun, any way you want it! Love fast quickies and also loves to be lossed. 30mm quickies available. ncatis & outcails welcome.



WELLINGBOROUGH: Transexual beautiful and totally convincing Katle. Very slim & petite Experienced and sensual mouth ready to be used. Call me to arrange a mutually convenient time

0700 803 0018





0700 802 2687

700 802 3442



WOLVERHAMPTON: Myname is Trisha, I'm waiting to give you ultimate sexual pleasure. I'm always wet and gagging for it. I am very broadminded with 42DDs, full GFE service. Call Me



SURREY: Sexy Kim 100% English independent escort. Size 6 with perl 328 Breasts. I will give you the Litimate Girifnend Experience and I love to be very intimate with you. Lols of sexy lingene available



IRELAND Landonderry: Natalie Age 24 Latino beauty, tremendous body & amazing tits1 Size 10 36GG I'll give you the best time and you wont forget! Cater to most services & fantas/ses

LEICESTER: Poppy May -Sexy M LF Cheapest & Best Independent Escort around 88 No extra Always swallows. MMF fun also available prior arrangement required. 15 mon guickies available



IRELAND Antrim: Hot Kinky sweet naughty and sensual. I will enjoy as much as you! If you are looking for something much mor ethan words can describe, Come on TREAT YOURSELF

0700 802 1624

700 802 5727

0700 802 4061

0700 802 5276

0700 802 4085



IRELAND Belfast: Lily, Independent curvy & hot. I am really Naught & Dirtyl I offer 100% unhumed service. So get down and hook up with me so we can play DIRTYI WS & 15min quickles



SCOTLAND: Sexy Natalie 27YO slim TIGHT toned gorgeous blonde. 100% Scottish babe offers full GFE 30 min quickie available SHORT NOTICE BOOKINGS



CAMBRIDGE: Clanss De Lux Escort Girl, Stunning classy & naughty. I will do what your wife won't!! am downright DIRTY Age 22 Bi Quickles available.

0700 802 1233



LUTON: New girl in town! aged 19 HOT BLONDE Best A**L & Best

802 5617

15min guickies available



NORFOLK: Sorrena Hot & Horny just for you! I am a very naughty girl looking for somebody to share my kinky fantasy and also I am all the time very homy- GFE

0700 802 5082

0700 802 5326 700 802 1838



SOUTHAMPTON, Anna, Pm & stunning softly spoken 24YO sexy young beauty Silm size 8, long legs 34C natural Big pouting C**k sucking lips Always smooth wet & tight - The perfect package



LEEDS: Horriy Jessica, beautiful 21YO Girl form Poland Big natural tits OWO GFE CIM Come try me and have a good time. Always be back for more. Come have not bath togther



LIVERPOOL: Sex obsessed Jenna I love men and love to F**K" like a pomstar the dirtier the better. love A** and rimming. 80% of my O's are squirters! 15 min quickies available Come do me!

0700 802 2245

WALES: Sexy slut Simona, Dirty

classy 36FF I love sex, the dirtier the

better, Tight & Shaved all holes open

and willing- Let me make your

dreams come true! OUTCALLS

0700 802 3670

0700 802 3841

Are you ready for fun. I am! x

SCOTLAND: Hi My name is Irsi

Age 25

0700 802 9859

0700 802 0312

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ONLY per minute







THE

Karen Gillan

All the world's a stage, and sometimes famous ladies get their norks out on it...

reat Scotl If there's one thing we tend not to associate with former Doctor Who assistants, it's getting your kit off. We're still waiting to see Billie's Piper and Freema's Agyemans! But Amy Pond didn't make us wait long in her post-Doctor Who career, displaying her lovely long limbs and perky burn in Not Another Happy Ending, a film literally only worth seeing for this bit alone. We look forward to seeing more of the gorgeous Gillan's stuff on screen, but would also like to know if she's bigger on the inside.







TALKINY BLUE

experience to share? Then dut in to Talkin' Blue a address and if it's up to how h you'll bag yourself £50





FANTASY FULFILLEDI

My girifriend recently caught me looking at your magazine for the first time and, to my surprise, she was totally cool with it. In fact, she was really inquisitive; asking me what I liked about the girls and which bits turned me on the most. I told her that I often looked for girls that looked like her, but in fifthy poses, as that was guaranteed to make me cum. I was well chuffed, as I used to have to hide porn from my previous girlfriend who was really prudish, but thought nothing much more about it.

When I went to stay at her's the other weekend, however, I let myself in to find a note just inside the door, saying there was a 'surprise' waiting for me in the bedroom. Walking in, I found a huge spread of magazines which I instantly delived into, poring over the mags and smiling to myself about what a great girlfriend I had. I'd been in there about five minutes when, to my obvious surprise, Alison appeared from the en-suite bathroom. After catching my breath, I caught a full view of what she was wearing. She had on a leather corset, which was pushing her 32DD tits together, thigh-length boots and a tight diamond choker, with her hair up. She looked every bit as good as the girls I had just been getting aroused over, but the best thing was she was right in front of me.

"Is this what you're always looking for, or were you just saying that to make me feel better?" she questioned, saucily. "I think you know the answer to that!" I replied, moving towards her. I then realised that she had a dildo in her hand and, catching me noticing this, she said "Don't you want me to entertain you first?"

She got on all fours and positioned the dildo at her entrance, recreating the poses from your magazine. Each time she moved to a different position, I was desperate for her to put it in, but I knew she wanted to tease me until I couldn't take any more. The instant she pushed the rubbery head barely a centimetre : gripping my dick. As she tossed me off with

she had turned me on, drenching her tummy in seven or eight long spurts of jizz. Her earto-ear smile at how much I came forced a few final drips of spunk from my aching knob.

I really did feel like I had finally fucked one of the girls I've fantasised over since my teens and Alison said she couldn't wait to do it again - what a result! Oliver, Maidstone

BABE WATCH!

I'm sure your readers agree when I say there's nothing hornier than seeing women touch themselves. Even better when they bring themselves to orgasm right in front of you! My new girlfnend just loves masturbating for an audience, especially one as appreciative as me!

The second time we were in bed together, we were grinding our bodies together, my fingers inside her pussy and her hand



I was so deep in her that I could feel my balls banging against her open bumhole"

in between her lips, I dropped to my knees on the floor in front of her, grabbed the dildo myself and drove it into her. She took the shaft from me and with both her hands clasping it, lay on her back dipping it in and out of her cunt, while I freed my dick.

I knew I wasn't going to last long, so I lifted her legs up high and wide and poked my swollen end in between her folds. I left just the tip of my dick inside her, whilst she slowly unded the corset. The first thrust into her was like heaven, and I fell on top of her, allowing her to wrap her boots around my arse as I took a face full of tit.

I was so deep in her that I could feel my balls banging against her open bumhole, and the sensation was driving me wild. Her corset open, but still around her, she pushed it back together, showing me inches of cleavage and it instantly made me jizz. The first spurt filled her pussy, but I had to yank it out to show her how much



one hand, I suddenly felt the tips of her fingers moving against my palm as I moved my own fingers rhythmically in her cunt.
Frigging her clit, she then took my hand from inside her and put it around my own shaft.
Moving back so I could see, she lay on her back and spread her legs. She then ran both hands over her tits, across her flat stomach, before dipping them over her mound into her crotch. I needed no encouragement to grab my own cock and was wanking it slowly at what was unfolding in front of me.

Using two fingers, she parted her lips so I could see her pink, and sucked the index finger on her other hand. Keeping her flaps apart, she ran her moist finger over her protruding clit and began to rub it slowly at first, speeding up steadily. Her pussy was still exposed and my prick was already aching with the thought of going up in there. However, I knew she wanted me to watch, so I gripped my dick tightly to stop myself from spurting too soon.

She was now running her finger down over her clit, and into her hole, pulling it back out and repeating the movement again. Her nipples were erect and I stared at them, imagining sucking them hard whilst I fucked her. Between her legs, her finger was searching past her slit and around to her burn. Rocking back and pulling her knees towards her chest she stroked her puckered little hole and teased me by putting her little finger in slightly. As her sphincter loosened, she was soon knuckle-deep into her arse and her cunt at the same time. Watching ner poke her fingers in and out of her holes was incredible and I knew I was going to shoot my wad very soon.

What pushed me over the edge, however, was when she rolled over onto her front and began to frig herself whilst burying her face in the pillow and bouncing against the bed, as if she was fucking her hand. Then, to my disbelief, she raised her burn up in the air and on all fours started to spank her own backside whilst she grunted, "I'm cumming, I'm cumming."

My eyes fixed on her climaxing heavily and biting down into the pillow, made my spunk race through my shaft, before I could prepare myself. I emptied half my load over her hips and arse, and she turned around in time to catch the final few spurts in her mouth. She took the remainder of my load down her throat, before wiping her mouth with the back of her hand like a total slut and then flashing me a filthy look. "I love to be watched," she said, "you don't mind, do you?" Now that



"

Her pussy was still exposed and my prick was aching with the thought of going in there"

really was a stupid question. Jason, Wiltshire

RED OR HEAD!

My earliest memory of being sexually attracted to redheads is from my last year at secondary school, shortly after my 18th birthday. We had an auburn-haired science teacher with legs that went on for miles and a huge soft pair of tits that would give any redblooded youth the world's biggest hard-on. I always made sure to get to her science classes early, so I could get a seat up front for the best view in the house. She wore short skirts and mini-dresses and was in the habit of putting her legs up on the desk, sometimes kicking her shoes off and wriggling her toes. In retrospect, I think she must have known how exquisitely she was torturing us - and was enjoying every minute of it.

To this very day I am crazy for redheads The very sight of one in the street kicks my imagination into overdrive. Even so, I never had much success with the genuine articles... until this past spring when I was on holiday in the Algarve. On the afternoon of the day I arrived, I walked from the apartment complex to the nearby port to get some air. I was looking at the boats moored in the marina when my attention was grabbed by a dazzling red-haired woman who was boarding a white Sunseeker sports boat.

Once on board she looked around her as

though to see if anyone was watching her. Then, to my delight, her hands moved to her jacket buttons and she undressed slowly, seeming to revel in the feel of the warm sea air on her skin. As her clothes gradually accumulated around her feet, she was left in just bra and panties. Standing with her face towards the evening sun and with the soft breeze ruffling her red mane, she reached back for the clasp of her bra, flicked it open and let it fall to the deck. I was transfixed – not to say gobsmacked, totally absorbed in her every tiny movement.

Smiling, or so I thought, she gently dug her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and began to inch them down over her buttocks, wriggling as the rucked-up gusset slipped out of the cleft of her beautiful arse. She eased them down her thighs, holding on to them all the way down so that she had to bend at the waist and as she bent over, her cheeks parted, brazenty flashing her puckered rosebud. To my disappointment, she donned a skimpy shiny blue bikini, covering up her snatch and breasts once again.

She stretched like a cat, then settled down on a bench and began to massage her body slowly with sun tan lotion, appearing to absolutely luxuriate in the exercise. She ran her hands up the insides of her thighs, working the lotion in; then, moving up towards her quim, she dipped her fingers into her bikini bottoms and began to massage her



pussy lips. I thought I was going to go insane, and just couldn't understand why she didn't see me, watching from behind the bow of an adjacent boat and gently stroking my cock through my trousers. Unless, of course, like my old science teacher, she knew full well that she had a very appreciative audience!

She cupped her breasts and pinched her nipples through the shiny fabric of her bikini bra. Without even a trace of selfconsciousness, she wiggled out of her bikini briefs, allowing the light warm breeze to blow freely across her clean-shaven mound. She clenched her bottom, arched her back and spread her thighs, allowing me a full view of her milky rude bits. Moving her right hand down the soft plane of her tummy, she slipped an extended finger into the top of her slit. She was going to masturbate! As she rubbed her hot little clit button I could see her writhe and wriggle on the seat, working away furiously with her right hand, until - gasping so loudly I could hear her - she orgasmed.

The show over, she turned slowly in my direction, revealing all her charms, and as I watched, still transfixed, she strolled languidly across the deck and softly called out for me to show myself. I stepped into view, acutely aware of the enormous boner tentpoling my trousers, and lamely tried to justify lurking while she wanked herself silly.

She looked me over appraisingly, then, staring straight at my cock which was literally straining against the fabric of my trousers, asked me if I would like to join her for dinner. I had already eaten, but looking at her magnificent figure and red hair I kept my mouth zipped.

I stepped on board as she took a bottle of wine and some bread from the fridge, and came and sat beside me on the deck. Over supper I learned her name was Caroline, that she was on holiday with her father, a London stockbroker who had retired and was now living in Spain, and that the boat was his. She liked to borrow it when her boyfriend was with her, but they had recently broken up. I offered insincere words of sympathy, delighted at the opportunity to move in and hopefully get my leg over.

The sun was still warm and we lay together on a crescent-shaped seat on the deck. Her perfume smelled exotic and I soon became aroused again. As if sensing my need, she suggested we get comfortable and, pushing me back into a lying position, she climbed onto the seat and knelt over me, her legs on either side of my face. My hands reached up to grab her well-rounded bum cheeks, and







she lowered her heavenly pale quim onto my face, supporting her body with her forearms, crouching over me in the classic 69 position. My head spun with bliss as I drank in the heady perfume from between her thighs.

Becoming almost insane with arousal, I pulled her pelvis down onto my mouth and began to eat her out voraciously. Soon her pussy was sticky with saliva and quim juice, and I ate her so thoroughly that the syrupy wetness soon covered all of my face and her thighs. My tongue slid along the fleshy folds of her sopping labia before dipping into the sticky aperture of her hot, willing cunt. I repeated this manoeuvre time and again as she writhed and bucked on my face, stimulating her honeypot and flicking her clit with my tongue until she was continuously dripping pussy nectar. I then began to suck her, my mouth covering her slippery pussy

tips and nibbling on her clit. Caroline positively writhed in excitement and I could feel her shudder with pleasure as she pushed harder onto my face and came.

To my delight, instead of resting, she immediately began fondling my dick, kneading it between her fingers until I could feel the blood pulsing through the shaft. She then started to lick and suck my ball sac gently and teasingly with her tongue. Her pink lips ringed my swelling shaft insistently, gobbling it until I was as stiff as a poker. Then she sank down even deeper onto me until the bell-end of my cock was nudging the back of her throat. I moaned involuntarily as she licked and pulled with her soft wet lips until my throbbing organ was not simply fully erect but upright and quivering, so swellen with my need that it was almost painful.

Watching her auburn locks bobbing up and

The insides of her thighs lubricated with her own cream as she slid up and down my prick"

down as she worked on my shaft inflamed me so much that I became desperate for relief. I longed to plunge my pork sword inside her gash to the very hilt, to be ball-deep in this young slut. "Let me fuck you," I said, and like the good sport she was, she immediately altered her position, sitting astride me – her cunt hovering over my upstanding penis. She positioned herself for entry and, with a groan of excitement, impaled herself squarely on my thick rod.

She rode me vigorously, encouraging my engorged shaft to go in and out of her like a great flesh piston. I could feel her vaginal muscles tightly gripping my cock as spasms juddered through the warm velvet giove of her vagina. She stifled a scream as she climaxed, quietly moaning in its aftermath as wave after wave of pleasure engulfed her. I was close to ejaculation but tried desperately to hold off as I was having the fuck of my life and didn't want it to end too soon!

My hands reached up for her swinging tits – they were milky white, so pale you could just about see the blue veins underneath – and at my touch her nipples hardened visibly. She began to work herself towards a second orgasm, the insides of her thighs lubricated with her own cream as she slid up and down my prick. I felt her pleasure stir and build within her again as she rose above me to ride my hot cock like a jockey.

She moved her head from side to side, moaning quietly and, as she did so, her red hair lashed me in the face, stimulating me to greater thrusting efforts. Consumed with lust, my boner jabbed her with its full length as she used me like a human dildo and spasmed with sudden convulsive jerks to a second orgasm. I followed suit, splashing my load deep inside her. It was the fuck of a lifetime, and there and then I promised myself that I would woo this woman and marry her.

We get hitched next spring, and she's still as horny now as she was on our first encounter in Spain. The vision of her red hair fanned out against the white deck is my fondest memory of our first meeting, and I plan to take her there every year for a repeat performance!

*Larry, Newcastle**









MINUTE

































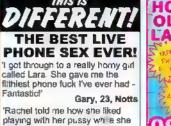






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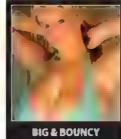










































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NO HOLE BARRED!

They always say that you should start as you mean to go on. The only problem with following that advice is that I might never be able to sit down again. I'd started a new job working behind a bar. It was nothing fancy, just a bit of extra income to help pay off my credit cards. By working Friday and Saturday night I knew that what I earned would be worth more since I wouldn't be spending money on going out. The unexpected benefit was that I had guys aimost literally fighting over me. My strawberry blonde hair and low-cut top were an instant hit with the patrons and I wasn't short of offers for a bed for the night.

"So what do you say, honey? Fancy a bit of action?" I did but not with the drunken, leery guy who was offering. I'd been keeping tabs on a guy in a smart suit who had come in as part of an after-work session but had stayed behind with another group when his colleagues had moved on. He was cute and both groups had revolved around him, listening to his stories and laughing in unison. From the way he'd repeatedly caught my eye, I knew that he wanted to do more than make me laugh.

"It's OK, Eve," the owner said "I can take it from here." I protested, saying it was part of the duties that I clear up but the owner insisted. "You've put in a good shift. Time for you to get off. I'll see you tomorrow." Working a six hour shift after a full week should have left me feeling shattered but I was used to partying after work, so I felt full of energy and I knew just how I wanted to burn it off.

"How are you doing?" I asked, walking straight up to the guy in the suit. He was wearing a frown when he turned round and I knew that I wasn't the first girl to have hit on him. His face brightened when he recognised me.

"Better now," he said. His accent was too posh to be local. "I'm Charles. My friends call me Charlie." He seemed like a city boy.

"Hi, Charlie," I said, taking his hand.

"I'd kind of gathered that." Charlie looked down at my tits. I followed his gaze and noticed my name badge.

"I'm surprised you noticed the badge," I joked. "Most of the guys in here have been too busy staring at my tits."

"I'm more of a bum man," Charke said.

"Oh," I said, feeling myself deflate. I'd been sure Charlie had been giving me the eye and here he was giving me the brush-off.

"Your arse is perfect. Especially in those jeans." I swelled up again and we shared a dirty smile as I turned to offer a guick glimpse



Having a cock pushing in and out of my arse fired a need between my legs and I rubbed my clitoris"

of my rear. "In fact your arse is so perfect that it'd be a shame to let you to sit on it."

"So what would you like to do with it?" I asked, raising the stakes.

"Take it back to my hotel room and play with it." Charlie stood up and moved closer to me. "I'd like to explore it with my fingers and my tongue. I'd spread your cheeks and lick in between, I'd love to lick your arsehole, Eve, or finger it or even better fuck it." Charlie was a very fast mover but sometimes a girl doesn't need wining and dining. After midnight on a Friday night, sometimes a girl is just looking for a good hard fuck.

"Where's your hotel?" I asked, accepting the very filthy onslaught of suggestions

were both naked by the time we reached the bed. Charlie had a gym-toned body under his suit and a cock that made my pussy throb. It was much bigger than any of the previous cocks I'd had in my arse but that just made it more of a challenge. Those were my thoughts as we rolled around on the enormous bed. Even if I couldn't get Charlie's cock in my ass. it was going to be fun trying.

I ended on top of Charlie with my tits hanging over his face. "Shame you're a bum man," I said. Charlie grinned, and then lifted his head to lick and suck on each of my sensitive nipples in turn. As he played with my tits, I reached behind to stroke his cock. It was hot and eager and it seemed a waste to



not have it inside my body.

Charlie groaned as I slid my pussy down his shaft. "What about the lube?" I'd insisted that we stop off at a chemist on the way over.

"I only need that for my arse," I said. Chartie looked shocked.

"Jesus. You're really going to let me stick my cock in your burn?"

"Only if you're good," I replied, as I rolled my hips.

"And your definition of 'good' is?"

"Make me cum." Charlie took control, rolling me onto my back so that he could fuck me hard and fast. We were both breathless by the time he slowed to a stop but neither of us had cum. Charlie rolled onto his side and slipped his fingers over my pussy.

"You're fucking gorgeous," he said, filling the room with wet noises as he rubbed between my legs. "And dirty and delicious."

"Delicious?" I asked, raising my eyebrows. Our eyes met and Charlie knew what I wanted him to do. He kissed his way down my body until his mouth was between my legs. He licked my pussy, concentrating on my clitoris and the stimulation was enough to drive me towards orgasm. As I got

close, Charlie pressed a finger against my arsehole. I wriggled down onto it, forcing it inside. Writhout the lube it was uncomfortable but uncomfortable was good. It felt tight and hot as he wormed it in deeper and it was easy to imagine that it was his cock in there. My pussy twitched and flexed but it was the tightness in my arse that made me claw the sheets as I was overwhelmed by the intensity of the orgasm. My head

was still spinning when Charlie's smiling face appeared next to mine on the pillow.

"I think I made you cum," Charlie said
"You certainly did," I replied dreamily My
stomach clenched as he waggled the bottle
of lubricant.

"Time to turn over," he said with a grin. I followed Charlie's instruction and presented him with my bare burn. His kissed my



buttocks lightly and then licked between them. I squealed as I felt his tongue on my arsehole. I might have been fucked in the arse but no-one had ever licked me before.

"That tickles," I protested. Charlie's slippery fingers didn't tickle -- they penetrated and stretched. He was so slow and considerate that I relaxed to the point where I was feeling sleepy. It had been a long day and I was post-orgasmic in a comfy bed. "Mmmm," I groaned as I felt hot blunt pressure. My mind came back into focus but my body felt heavy and was reluctant to move. "Ooooh," I sighed, as I felt Charlie's cock force its way into me. I was lying on my side, with Charlie spooning me, feeding his fat cock into my bottom while breathing heavily into my hair.

Having a cock pushing in and out of my arse fired a need between my legs which made me rub my clitoris. I started pushing back against Charlie's thrusts. The sensation of being full was delicious and I wanted more.

"Push it all into me," I whispered. I'd be able to cum again. It was the confusion of being utterly filled by a man's cock while having an empty pussy which was why I loved anal sex so much. Charlie was the perfect playmate. His thrusts were deep and intense but they

weren't too hard. "I'm going to cum," he groaned.

"Not yet," I begged, increasing the speed of my fingers. I was close and wanted to share the moment. My hips rolled as my muscles tightened. "OK, I'm... fuck!" I couldn't tell whether Charlie was spunking up my bum as my orgasm fired but I wanted it to be true. The waves of pleasure washed over me again and again and I cried out, uttering filthy words.

"Oh God!" Charlie groaned, rolling onto his back. "That was fucking amazing."

"Don't get too comfy," I said. "I didn't come here to sleep." My burn was still throbbing by the time I went back to work but I was so busy at the bar that I didn't have time to sit down once – fortunateiy!

Eve. London 🌧



Charlie was spooning me, feeding his fat cock into my bottom while breathing into my hair"































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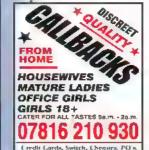
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TO ME SLIDE MY
FINGERS IN"
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36P

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36_P



















36 P FUCKING LOT ENJOY





HORNY WET GIRLS WAITING TO WANK YOU TEXT 'SEX' 69469







very now and then, our former Club girl Sasha likes to return to her roots and to remind us – and our readers – that she's still around. And whenever she does, we bite her bloody hands off.

"It's always good to be back in my favourite magazine," she grins, "and it's nice after all this time that I'm still getting naughty (and nice) letters from readers, which are great for me to wank to. I just thought that it was about time I gave them some brand new photos to fuel their dirty imaginations!"















What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WARE





This made a real ro-dent in the party atmosphere. 96-year-old Joseph Vallenti celebrated his birthday with his favourite German apple ring cake from King Kullen grocery store in Commack, New York. After noting an unusual taste to the cake, Vallenti suffered from stomach pains and diarrhea. Neil Gold, the boyfriend of Vallenti's niece, inspected the cake, finding what appeared to be a rat's tail protruding as well as the head of a rat, according to News 12 Long Island. The New York department of Agriculture and Markets is currently investigating. We'll stick with Gregg's.

Chop Chop!

Someone wielding a meat cleaver is always worth a giggle... or so this cashier thought. An Internet video currently making the rounds of Zhoujiazui, China, shows a cashier laughing as a would-be bank robber taps the dividing glass with a meat cleaver. The surveillance footage shows the suspect toddling into the China Construction bank and up to a desk where the costumer being served promptly leaves. The cashier turns to someone off camera and starts laughing before the suspect is tackled and arrested. Now that's customer service.





A saint is what this woman ain't. A Florida woman has been accused of doing a dine 'n' dash in the name of the Lord. Ruthena Lewis took her mother to eat at the A&G restaurant in Winter Garden, Fla. When it came to pay, Lewis escorted her mother to the car, reportedly returning to the restaurant with a credit card. Lewis then issued the cashier Crystal Henson with an ultimatum: if the meal was free she would go to Heaven, but if she charged the card, "She would go to hell."

On leaving the restaurant Lewis left the card of her local church bishop stating he would settle the account of \$18.46. Both have been charged with misdemeanour. Somebody should have used Wowcher.

Block-busted!



We've all done it: found a library book under the bed that should have been returned a month ago, but Kayla Michelle Finley must have racked up one hell of a late fee. The 27-year-old was charged with petty larceny for failing to return a copy of *Monster In-Law* from 2005. She was arrested when she went to the county sheriff's office to report a crime but ended up spending the night. The movie store she rented it from is no longer in business. Maybe she was the straw that broke the camel's back...





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